

SOME
P A S S A G E S

Taken out of Two Observators, of August 1682.

Written in Dialogue betwixt Whigg and Tory.

Monday, Aug. 21. 1682.

Whigg. **P**Ray'e tell me truly; Is the Dutcheſs of York delivered of a Daughter? I ask ye, because I have heard ſtrange Stories about that Buſineſs: I have had *Five to one* offered me, That Her Royal Highneſs was not with Child.

Tory. Right. And if it had pleaſed God to have given the Duke a Son, the Dutcheſs had ~~not~~ been with Child; for That was the Knack on't, to prepare the People beforehand, by *one Impoſture*, for the entertaining of *another*. There has not been any falſe Rumour diſtributed through the Nation with more *Induſtry* than this; and in caſe of an *Issue Male*, they'd e'en have *Black Box'd* it off with a *Pillow*, and an *Impoſture*; and an *Eaves-dropper* or two perhaps, in a *Cloſet*, or thorough a *Key-hole*, would have made the whole *Hiſtory* as currant as *Gospel*.

Wednesday, Aug. 23. 1682.

Whigg. **T**He Truth is, 'twas a great Diſappointment, and has utterly ſpoil'd the Wit of a Health to Blew-cap. [*Care's*] Courant, Aug. 18. 1682.

Tory. Prethee tell Deputy Care, (the Faction's Journey-man,) That this is no Diſappointment at all: For we are of a Religion that does not ſo much as *wiſh* for any thing, but with a Reſignation to *Divine Providence*. And then it's not the Wit, but the *Honeſty* of the Health that we value our ſelves upon; which methinks ſounds as well from the Mouth of a *Chriſtian*, and a *Subject*, toward every Branch of the Royal Family, as your way of *Quaſſing* their *Damnation* and *Confuſion*. And the *Conceit* is not ſpoil'd neither; for our *Hopes* and *Prayers* are juſt the ſame they were before, and ſo are your *Fears* and *Apprehenſions*. And let me tell ye farther, Whigg; The ſecret Counſels of *Almighty God*, in the ordering and diſpoſing of *Princes* and *Empires*, are not a Subject for *Drollery* and *Sport*. There's a *Health* ſpoil'd, ye cry; but I ſay there's a *Sham* ſpoil'd: For if it had pleaſed God to give his Royal Highneſs the Bleſſing of a Son, as it proved a Daughter, you were prepared to make a *Perkin* of him. To what end did you take ſo much pains elſe, by your *Inſtruments* and *Intelligences*, to hammar it into the Peoples Heads, that the Dutcheſs of York was ~~not~~ with Child; and ſo in caſe of a Son to repreſent him as an *Impoſture*? Whereas you have now taken off the *Masque*, in confeſſing the Daughter.

Whigg. Half theſe words might have ſerv'd, methinks.

Tory. How you and I differ upon the point! For to my thinking there's not half enough ſaid yet. I would have the Impreſſion of this Cheat ſink ſo far into the Heads and Hearts of all *honeſt Men*, as never to be either *defaced* or *forgotten*; for we muſt expect that the ſame *Sham* ſhall at any time hereafter be *Trump* up again upon the like Occaſion.

Vet A.

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Bt. from Mainhead